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liberty? In the sense that we are a federated republic, Germany is a federated Monarchy. Am I incorrect in this assumption?

If not, your statements are not susceptible of proof, and involve a contradiction. In modern Germany, as in other civilized nations, advancement in "material sciences, industry and commerce" goes hand in hand with advancement in the "things of the mind and spirit." This subject has been treated in Guizot's *History of Civilization in Modern Europe* in the first chapter. It is absurd to assert that Germany's progress in the last sixty years has been one-sided.

The comparison is not entirely fair; it should be made to include other civilized peoples. If it can be shown that Germany alone can show no great names to set against those of a period antedating 1848, there would be some justification for your conclusions; but even so, I am still unconvinced that the cause could be found in the political status of its peoples. But can this be done? Who are such in England, France, Italy, Switzerland, Japan; where are ours? The Graces are not prodigal with their gifts; Nature does not produce giants every so many years.

I believe your statements to be inaccurate, and I will be glad to have you enlarge on this subject in a later issue. There must be a number of your subscribers, besides myself, to whom a paper would be of interest.

Orwigsburg, Pa.

LIN B. ZULICK.

HIGH THINKING AT HIRAM HILL

SIR.—Mr. Harrison Rhodes' impressions of the high thinking and very plain living practiced in Civil War times at the academy on Hiram Hill, to which you give a place in a recent issue, are very timely. It seems not less so to enlarge upon Mr. Rhodes' good word for the results of the study of Latin at that humble institution. The following letter was written by the room-mate who shared the corn-meal mush with the senior Rhodes, to a friend who afterwards died, "in the service," of camp fever:

Wadsworth, Feb. 26, 1861.

My dear Gust:

. . . I am studying some, reading Tacitus. I shall finish twenty-four pages today. His treatise upon the Germans, which I am reading, is very interesting indeed. We study history, after all, as men make geographical discoveries. We begin with the nation, and go back to the tribe in the forest; the geographer begins at the mouth of the river, and traces it till he finds the spring from which it flows in the mountains. Two years ago I read Motley, now I am working my way through Tacitus. Do you not find an especial delight in tracing thoughts to their source—to go back till you can say, "There that idea originated"? At such a moment you have a feeling akin to that which Bruce felt at the sources of the Nile. Here arises, I think, a larger share of the pleasure we experience in reading the classics. I read Motley.—Motley had studied Tacitus. History and its attendant studies afford me my greatest pleasure; and I take the most pleasure in standing just upon the border land—between light and darkness—just as the sun is coming up; where I can see the night fleeing and the day advancing. I think I am safe in saying that in all departments of human inquiry the questions of greatest interest always arise just where the known shades into the unknown. I think it is true in history. I find Tacitus graphic; and can easily understand what Rufus Choate meant when he called him the "Macaulay of the Ancients." When I have read the four pages remaining, I shall not study any more here.

The writer of this letter,—B. A. Hinsdale, late of the University of Michigan,—has left a name in political science and in education. When he wrote the letter, he was a young man twenty-three years old, and was spending a vacation helping his farmer father tap the maples for sugar making.

MARY L. HINSDALE.

Grand Rapids, Mich.

IMMORTAL YOUTH

SIR.—To many of the patriotic and loving yet bereaved fathers and mothers whose sons have fallen in the Great War, I have found that one of the most comforting thoughts has been that their "boys" have been thereby endowed with "immortal youth."

No matter how long the parents live, their boy never will grow old to them. Had he and they lived together for ten, twenty or forty years, the boy of twenty-odd would have become the man of even sixty-odd with gray hairs and the *pes anserinus* furrowing his temples. Once he has given life itself for Liberty and Civilization, he has passed from the Realm of Time, with its changes and its vicissitudes, its ageing and its decrepitude, into the Realm of Immortality. There he never will lose the bloom of youth with his well-remembered inspiring buoyancy, his affection, his ardent, hopeful, cheerful life. Immortality for him and them knows neither Decay nor Decline. Its voice is ever that of vigorous, hopeful, radiant Eternal Youth.

I believe as firmly in Immortality and the Future Life as I do in my present existence. Hence I believe that Immortal Youth is the future of our young heroes who have made what is well called the "Supreme Sacrifice."

W. W. KEEN, M. D.

Philadelphia, Pa.